

MEXICO DIRECTORY.

HENRY C. RIDER,
Publisher DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Job
work of all kinds, executed on short
notice with neatness and dispatch.

STONE, ROBINSON & CO.,
Main St., Manufacturers of Clothing to
Order, and Dealers in Dry Goods,
Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps,
Boots & Shoes, Oil Cloths, etc. 34

E. L. HUNTINGTON,
Dealer in Drugs, Paints, Oils & Var-
nish, Books, Stationery, Clocks, Watch-
es, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-ware.
Main street. 34

THOMAS PEPPER,
Manufacturer of first-class heavy, fine
and fancy, pegged and sewed Boots,
Shoes and Brogans. Repairing neatly
done, Opposite the Post-office. 34

JACOB T. BROWN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds
of heavy light, and fancy Harnesses,
Single and Double, Lap-ropes, Blan-
kets and all other articles kept by the
trade. Main street. 34

BARKER BROS.,
Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meat, also
Manufacturers of and dealers in Pat-
ent Water Drawers and pumps for
wells and cisterns.

WM. H. HALL,
Barber and Hair Dresser. Particular
attention paid to Shampooing, and
the cutting of ladies' and children's
hair. Shop on Main street. 34

CHAS. BEEBE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office
in Morse & Irish's Insurance office,
Main street. 34

JOHN BROWN,
Dealer in Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal,
Lamb and all kinds of meat. Temple's
old stand, corner of Main and Wash-
ington streets. 34

S. PARKHURST,
Keeps the largest and best assortment
of Boots, Shoes and Rubber goods.
Satisfaction given as to quality and
price. Opposite Post-office.

G. G. TUBBS,
Jeweler. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
repaired. All work promptly attended
to and warranted. Shop in Gait &
Castle's store. 34

GEO. P. JOHNSON, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office over Gait & Castle's. Orders
left on SLATE will receive prompt at-
tention. Sleeps in office. 36

C. W. RADWAY, M.D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND
SURGEON.
Office in Mexico Hotel. Entrance on
Church Street. Office hours 9 to 10
A. M., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 P. M. All
calls will receive prompt attention.

H. H. DOBSON,
DENTIST.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex-
tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low-
est living prices. Office over H. C.
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

H. C. BEALS,
GALLERY.
The place to get
YOUR PICTURE TAKEN,
Old Pictures Copied,
FRAMES FOR PICTURES, &c.,
All work warranted.
H. C. BEALS, Artist and agent for
Sewing Machines, and all kinds of
Machine needles, Oil Spooler-rubbers
and everything pertaining to sewing
Machines. 34-17

THE
LIGHT-RUNNING
REMINGTON
Machining like cut, \$30.00
Same machine with cover, 35.00
H. C. BEALS,
Photographer and Agent,
Mexico, N. Y.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1877.

NUMBER 43.

POETRY.

For The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.
THE DEAF-MUTE.

BY L. MOORE.
Deaf to the music of the grave
When tuneful warblers sing
Their dulcet notes, or songs of love,
To greet the opening Spring.

Deaf to the thunder's loudest crash,
Deaf to the cannon's roar,
Deaf to the wail when wild waves lash
Their fury on the shore.

Deaf to the song so sweetly sung
When happy saints rejoice,
Deaf to the music of the tongue,
Deaf to the human voice.

Deaf to a mother's lullaby,
Her prayer and mother's love,
For sound to him is mystery,
And falls his heart to move.

The ear, that gateway to the mind,
Is barred to every tone,
And loving words, and words unkind,
Are all to him unknown.

The deaf and dumb, his searching eyes
Can read your hopes and fears,
While his intelligence supplies
The lack of lips and ears.

Imagined past the mate was left
Unheeded and untought;
Of arts and sciences bereft,
How few his culture sought!

But now a brighter day has come
Which glows with rich supplies—
Ears for the deaf, voice for the dumb,
The blind endued with eyes.

Then let us thank the God of heaven,
For all his mercies shown,
The institutions he has given,
The blessings He makes known.

STORE TELLER.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

Two men met in New York. They
were merchants.

"What do you think of Carlton's
affairs Mr. Elder?" asked one of them.
"I think we shall have a pretty fair
percentage. Don't you?"

"Yes, if we wind him up."
"That we shall do, of course. Why
let him go on? It will take him two
or three years to get through, if at all."
"If he can get through in two or three
years, I shall certainly be in favor of
letting him go on. Times have been
rather hard and business dull. But
everything looks encouraging now."

"I don't believe in extensions, Mr.
Highland. The surest way, when a
man gets into difficulties, is to wind
him up, and secure what you can. Ten
chances to one, if you let him go, you
lose every cent."

"I have granted extensions in several
instances, Mr. Elder," replied his
companion, "and obtained, eventually,
my whole claim, except in a single
case."

"It's always a risk. I go by the
motto, 'A bird in the hand is worth
two in the bush,'" returned Mr. Elder.
"I am always ready to take what I
can get to-day, and never trust to the
morrow. That is my way of doing
business."

"But do you not think the debtor
entitled to some consideration?"

"How?" with a look of surprise.

"He is a man of like passions with
ourselves."

"I don't know that I understand
you exactly, Mr. Highland."

"Mr. Carlton has domestic relations
as well as you and I."

"I never doubted it. But what of
that?"

"If we break him up in business the
evil will not visit him alone. Think
of the sad effect upon his family."

"In trade we never consider a man's
family relations."

"But should we not, Mr. Elder? Should we not regard the debtor as a
man?"

"As a man who owes us, and is un-
able to pay us what is due; but in no
other light," returned Mr. Elder, with
a slight curl of his lip.

"There we differ widely."

"And will continue to differ, I imag-
ine—Good-morning, Mr. Highland."

The two men parted.

An hour previous, Mr. Carlton, about
whom they had been conversing, sat
with his family, a wife and three daugh-
ters, at the breakfast-table. He tried
to converse in his usual cheerful man-
ner, but too heavy a weight was upon
his heart. There had come a crisis
in his affairs, which he feared would
not be passed without ruin to himself.
If the effects of his misfortune would

not reach beyond his store and his
counting-room; if upon his head alone
would fall the fragments of a broken
fortune, he would not have murmured.
But the disaster could not stop there.
It would extend even to the sanctuary
of home.

On the day previous he had called
on a few of his creditors, and asked of
them an extension. If this were not
given it would be impossible for him
to keep on longer than a few weeks.
The spirit in which most of his credit-
ors had received the unexpected un-
nouncement that he was in difficulties
gave him little to hope. He was to
have another interview during the day.
From that, as it would exhibit the re-
sult of a night's reflection upon the
minds of his creditors, he would be
able to see clearly his chances of be-
ing sustained in business. He waited
the hour with nervous anxiety. When
it had arrived, and the few creditors
called in hand had assembled, he saw
little in their faces to give him hope.
The first who spoke out plainly was
Mr. Elder.

"I, gentlemen," he said firmly, "am
opposed to all extensions. If a man
cannot pay as he goes, I think he had
better wind up."

"If all do not agree in this matter,
it will be no use to attempt extending
Mr. Carlton's time," remarked one of
the creditors, who thought and felt as
did Elder, but was not willing to come
out so plainly.

"This is very true," said a third, "a
partial extension will be of no use."

The heart of poor Mr. Carlton al-
most ceased to beat.

"Have you any objection to retiring
for a few moments?" asked Mr. High-
land of the debtor.

"I will withdraw, certainly," return-
ed Mr. Carlton, and left the room.

"My own views, gentlemen," said
Mr. Highland, "is, that we ought to
grant all that is asked. Mr. Carlton's
business is good, and will get over his
present difficulties easily if we only as-
sist him a little. We should be just as
man toward man; and this I think
we should not be in this case unless we
consider Mr. Carlton as well as our-
selves. He is an honest man, and an
honest man in difficulties is always
entitled to consideration."

"That is all very well; but when a
man gives his note payable at a certain
day, he ought to be very sure that he
will be able to take it up. Creditors
are entitled to some consideration as
well as debtors. The cry of 'poor debt-
or' is soon raised, but who, I wonder,
thinks of the poor creditor? I, for
one, am not prepared to extend."

This was said by Elder.

"As for me," spoke up another, "I
take but one view of matters like this.
If I think I will do better by renew-
ing, I am ready to do so; if, by wind-
ing up the party now, I can do better,
I go for winding up. I have confi-
dence in Carlton's integrity. I believe
he means well. But can he get through?
That is the question."

"I believe he can," said Mr. High-
land.

"And I doubt it," returned Mr. El-
der.

The efforts of Mr. Elder to efface
the impression the words of Mr. High-
land had made proved in vain. It
was agreed that the debtor should re-
ceive the extension he asked. When
informed Carlton could not hide his
emotions, though he strove hard to
do so. His grateful acknowledgement
touched more than one heart that had
been as cold as ice toward him a short
time before. How different were his
feelings when he met his family that
evening, and silently thanked Heaven
that the cloud which had hovered over,
and threatened to break in desolating
tempest, had passed from the sky.

Long before the arrival of the time
for which an extension had been grant-
ed, Mr. Carlton was able to pay off ev-
erything, and to look in the face, with-
out unpleasant emotions, every man he
met.

Strange things happen in real life.
Mr. Elder was a shipper, and exten-
sively engaged in trade. For a series
of years everything went on prosper-
ously with him. His ventures always
found a good market, and his consign-
ments safe and energetic factors. All
this he attributed to his own business

acumen.

"I never made bad shipments," he
would sometimes say. "I never con-
sign to doubtful agents."

A man like Mr. Elder is rarely per-
mitted to go through life without a
practical conviction that he is in the
hands of One who governs all events.
It is rarely that such a one does not be-
come painfully conscious, in the end,
that human prudence is nothing.

The first thing that occurred to check
the confident spirit of Mr. Elder was
the loss of a ship and cargo under cir-
cumstances that gave the under-writers
a fair plea for not paying the risk. He
sued and was cast. The loss was twenty-
five thousand dollars.

A few weeks after, news came that
a shipment to the South American
coast had resulted in a loss. From
that time everything seemed to go
wrong. His adventures found a glut-
ted market, and his return cargoes a
depression of prices. If he held on to
a thing in hopes of better rates, prices
would go down, until in a desperate
mood he would sell; then they would
go up steadily. The time was when he
could confine himself strictly to legiti-
mate trade, but a mania for specula-
tion now took hold of him and urged
him on to ruin. He even ventured into
the bewildering precincts of the stock
market, lured by the hope of splendid
results. Here he stood upon ground
that soon crumbled beneath his feet.

A loss of twenty or thirty thousand
dollars ended him of his folly, and he
turned with a sigh to his counting-
room to digest, with care and pruden-
tial forethought, some safe operation in his
regular business.

The true balance of his mind was
lost. He could not consider with calm-
ness the business in hand. A false
move was the consequence. Loss in-
stead of profit was the unfortunate re-
sult.

Seven years from the day Mr. Elder
opposed an arrangement with Mr. Car-
lton, which should regard the debtor
as well as the creditor, he himself
found it impossible to meet all his
heavy payments. For some time he
had kept his head above water by mak-
ing sacrifices, but the end of this came.

After a sleepless night the merchant
started one morning for his store, op-
pressed with the sad conviction that
before the day closed his fair fame
would be tarnished. As he walked
along, Mr. Carlton came to his side
with a cheerful salutation. Mr. Car-
lton was now a large creditor, instead of
a debtor. On that very day bills in his
favor had matured to the amount of five
thousand dollars, and these Elder could
pay. The recollection of this made
it almost impossible for him to reply
to the pleasant observations of his com-
panion. Vividly as it had occurred
yesterday, came up before his mind the
circumstances that had transpired a
few years previously. He remembered
how eagerly he had sought, from the
merest selfish motives, to break down
Mr. Carlton, and throw him helpless
upon the world, and how near he was
to accomplishing the merchant's fatal
overthrow. Such recollections drove
from his mind the hope that for a mo-
ment had presented itself of enlisting
Mr. Carlton's good feelings, and se-
curing him as a friend in the trial
through which he was about to pass.

Several times during the walk he was
on the point of breaking the matter to
Mr. C—, but either his heart failed
him, or his companion made some re-
mark to which he was compelled to
reply. At length they separated with-
out any allusion by Mr. Elder to the
subject on which he was so desirous
of speaking.

He had not the courage to utter the
first word. But this was only post-
poning for a brief period the evil day.
Several remittances were anxiously
looked for that morning. He broke
the seal of letter after letter, with trem-
bling anxiety. Alas! the mail brought
no aid. His last hope was gone—
Nothing now remained for him but to
turn his face bravely to the threaten-
ing storm, and bear up against its
fury.

For awhile he debated the question
as to what course was best for him to
pursue. At one time he thought of
giving no information of his condition
until the notary's protest should star-

tle them from their ignorance. Then
he thought it would be best to notify
the holder of paper due on the day,
that it would not be taken up. Then
it seemed to him best to give notice
of his condition. He prepared notes
to all, but to Mr. Carlton first. His
heart failed him when he attempted to
write his name. Vividly, as if it had
occurred but the day previous, came up
before his mind all the circumstances
attendant upon that gentleman's
appeal to his creditors. His cheek
burned when he remembered the po-
sition he had assumed in that affair.
But, even though such were his feel-
ings, when he came to despatch the
notes he had prepared he could only
find courage to send the one written
to Mr. Carlton. The other creditors
whose bills had matured that day, he
thought he would go and see; but
half an hour passed without his acting
upon the resolution to do so. Most
of the day was spent in walking un-
easily the floor of his counting-room,
or in examining certain accounts in his
ledger, or entries in his bill-book. He
was bending, all absorbed, over a page
of calculations at his desk, when some
one, who had entered unperceived,
pronounced his name. He turned quick-
ly and looked Mr. Carlton in the face.
The color mounted instantly to the
temples of Mr. Elder. He tried to
speak, but could not.

"Your note has taken me altogether
by surprise," said Mr. Carlton; "but I
hope things are not so bad as you
suppose."

Mr. Elder shook his head. He tried
to speak, but could not.

"How much have you to pay to-
day?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"Ten thousand dollars," was the re-
ply, in a husky voice.

"How much have you toward it?"

"Not two thousand."

"How much falls due to-morrow?"

"Four thousand."

"How much in a month?"

"Fifty thousand."

"What will be your available re-
sources?"

"Not half the amount."

"Haven't you any good bills?"

"Yes; but not negotiable."

Mr. Carlton mused for some time.
At length he said,—

"You must not lie over to-day."

"I cannot help it."

"If you will transfer to me, as secu-
rity in case you have to stop payment,
the bills of which you speak, I will
lend you the amount that you want
to-day."

The color retired from the cheeks
of Mr. Elder, and then came back with
a quick flush. He made no answer,
but looked steadily and doubtfully
into Mr. Carlton's face.

"I have been in difficulties myself
and I know how to sympathize with
others," said the latter. "We should
aid, if we can, not break down a fellow
merchant when in trouble. Indorse
bills to my order for the sum you
want, and I will fill up a check for the
amount."

Elder turned slowly to his desk,
and took therefrom sundry notes of
hand in his favor, at various dates
from six to twelve months, and in-
dorsed them payable to Carlton, who
immediately gave him a check for
eight thousand dollars and left the
store. A clerk was immediately des-
patched to the bank, and then Mr. El-
der sank in a chair half stupefied. He
could hardly believe his senses until
the cancelled notes were placed in his
hands.

The next morning Mr. Elder went
to his place of business with feelings
but little less troubled than they had
been on the day before. His pay-
ments were lighter, but his means
were for the first time exhausted. The
best he could do would be to borrow,
but he already owed heavily for bor-
rowed money, and was not certain
that to go further was practicable. He
thought of Mr. Carlton, but every feel-
ing of his heart forbade him to seek
further aid from him.

"I deserve no consideration there,
and I cannot ask it," he murmured, as
he pursued his way toward his store.
The first thing that caught his eye
on entering his counting-room was a
pile of ship letters. There had been
an arrival from Valparaiso. He broke

the seal of the first one he took up
with eagerness. "Thank God!" was
his almost immediate exclamation. It
was from one of his captains, and con-
tained drafts for fifteen thousand dol-
lars. It also informed him that the
ship "Sarah," commanded by said cap-
tain, would sail for home in a week,
with a return cargo of hides and spe-
cie amounting to thirty thousand dol-
lars. The voyage had been profitable
beyond expectation.

Elder had just finished reading the
letter when Carlton came in. Seizing
the kind-hearted merchant by the
hand, and pressing it hard, he said,
with emotion,—

"Carlton you have saved me! Ah!
sir, this would be to me a far happier
moment if, seven years ago, when you
were in trouble, I had as generously
aided you."

"Let the past sleep in peace," re-
turned Mr. Carlton. "If fortune has
smiled again, permit me to rejoice
with you, as I do with all who are
blest with favoring gales. To meet
with difficulties is of use to us. It
gives us the power of sympathy with
others, and that gift we should all de-
sire, for it is a good thing to lift the
burden from shoulders bent down
with too heavy a weight, and throw
sunlight over a heart shaded by
gloom."

Mr. Elder recovered from his crippled
condition in the course of a few
months. He was never again known
to oppress a suffering debtor.

HEROIC FIREMEN.

In *Harper's Magazine* William H.
Riding tells these stories of the New
York Fire department:

In 1869 the late James Gordon Ben-
nett, recognizing the services of the
firemen at the burning of his house,
sent a check for \$1,500 to the com-
missioners, to be used in the purchase
of a medal for the most meritorious
member of the department each year.
Five hundred dollars were spent in
the purchase of a die, and the interest
of the remainder is annually applied to
the purchase of a gold medal. A roll
of honor is kept at department head-
quarters, recording all noteworthy ac-
tions of the men, and the one who
has especially distinguished himself
for bravery is chosen as recipient of
the medal, at the annual parade.

The medals have already been award-
ed, the first to M. D. Tompkins, fore-
man of an engine company, who, at the
risk of his own life, saved a woman
from the second story of a building,
and the second to B. A. Giequel, who
rescued two women and two children.
Charles L. Kelly received one for the
heroism he displayed at the fire on the
northeast corner of Division and For-
sythe streets. The flames were burn-
ing fiercely on the first floor, but Kel-
ly climbed up the shutters to the sec-
ond floor, and thence carefully lower-
ed three persons to the ground. He
also saved the lives of others, who were
paralyzed by terror, in directing them
to a stairway, and in leading them
down. Ambrose L. Austin was at a
fire and saw a woman striving to climb
the basement steps; the flames steady-
ly repulsed her, but Austin dashed
through them and carried her out.
Thomas Henry, another medalist, re-
scued eight persons from the second
story of a burning building. Thomas
Hutchinson was told that some per-
sons were in a burning tenement house
on Baxter street. He made his way
up the exterior to the second story,
rear, and found a boy hanging from
the third-story window of the fire-
escape. He told the boy to drop, and
that he would catch him. The boy
obeyed, and was snatched by Hutch-
inson as he fell through the air. Wm.
H. Nash was awarded a medal for sav-
ing the lives of two children at No.
223 Division street, and Wm. Mitchel
was awarded another for rescuing a
man from a pit of flame at No. 78 Pearl
street. James Horn rescued six per-
sons from No. 351 Rivington street,
and Henry Schuck, at great personal
risk, fought his way through a furnace
to save an infant. There was not one
among these instances of bravery that
if given in greater detail, would not
read like romance, but the romance is
reality of a very good sort.

HOW BARNUM GOT HIS WIFE.

Here is a little romance. The At-
kinson, (Kan.) *Patriot* says: It will be
remembered that when Barnum's show
was here several years ago his treas-
urer took sick, and was left at the
Massasoit House. He died there and
was buried here, we believe. He was
engaged to be married to a Miss Fish,
a sister of Barnum's present treasurer.
After his death it became necessary
for Miss Fish to write several letters
to Mr. Barnum in reference to her
dead love. Barnum admired the lady,
because of her well-written letters,
sought an acquaintance—an acquaint-
ance which soon ripened into love,
and to make a long story short, the
then Miss Fish is now Mrs. P. T. Bar-
num. Barnum is twenty-seven years
older than his wife.

JAPANESE PROVERBS.

Better avoid blame than seek praise.
A beaten soldier fears a reed.
Great men are spoken of for seven-
ty five days.

The lower part of the candlestick is
black. (The nearer the church the
farther from God.)

There are people who have read Con-
fucius and still have not read him.

The skill of a poor man is not much
believed in.

When there are too many boatmen,
the boat climbs mountains.

Until polished the precious stone is
not brilliant.

COST OF SMOKING.

A week ago we copied and com-
mented upon a paragraph from Har-
per's Bazar, relating to a Mr. Hub-
bard, a gentleman who built a fine
residence with the money he had saved
by not indulging in the expensive hab-
it of smoking. A reliable correspond-
ent, who is personally acquainted with
Mr. Hubbard, verifies all the essential
statements made, and furnishes the
following particulars:

"He was about 18 years old when
he determined to lay aside day by day
the money which he would have spent
for cigars had he been a smoker. At
the end of each month he deposited
at interest the sum thus accumulated
in a savings bank. As the price of
good cigars advanced he correspond-
ingly increased the amount of money
to be laid away each day.—From time
to time, when his savings in the bank
reached a few hundred dollars, he
would draw them out to make a bet-
ter investment."

"By wise and shrewd management
the fund amounted to from \$15,000 to
\$18,000 a few years since. Mr. Hub-
bard then took this money, and with
it purchased a charming site on the
Greenwich hill, and built a commodi-
ous and comfortable home for himself
and his family. The place overlooks
Long Island Sound, and commands
one of the widest and finest views
that can be found along the Connecti-
cut shore."—*New York Times*.

ANECDOTE OF CASSIUS M. CLAY.

C. M. Clay was once very thorough-
ly hated in Kentucky, but at the same
time universally respected as an ut-
terly brave and honorable man, with
whom it was not well to trifle. In the
old abolition days it happened once
that a Methodist preacher, a weakly
man in poor health, thought it his duty
to deliver an anti-slavery address in
the heart of Kentucky. The intention
was announced, the day and place be-
ing widely advertised; but the minis-
ter received prompt notice from citi-
zens that he would not be allowed to
speak, and accordingly did not attempt
to do so. Clay was in Ohio when he
heard of the circumstance.

He returned at once to Kentucky,
gave notice that on a set day, at the
same place, the preacher would deliver
his anti-slavery address, and that Col.
Cassius M. Clay would be there to pre-
side and keep order. A great meeting
assembled in the open air, and there
were symptoms of violence, when Mr.
C. arose and explained that he meant
to see that the brother had an oppor-
tunity to speak. He warned those
who did not want to hear him to go off,
"but," said he, "this man is going to
deliver his address, and the first man
who interrupts him

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
OBT. LEWIS SELLINZ,
Rome, Ohio Co., N. Y., Associate Editor.
REV. AUSTIN W. MANN,
677 Euclid St., Cleveland O., Editor.
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor,
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news, and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, it will be discontinued.
These prices are in advance. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
62¢ Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS:
All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.
Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the Editor.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
All communications relative to the foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Rev. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 25, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

CONVENTION OF INSTRUCTORS.

Next summer is the time to hold the ninth Convention of Instructors of the Deaf, and the *Annals* advertises for proposals from the institutions to entertain the delegates. By all means, let them of the New York Institution be the first to respond. Pluck and persistence may get the position for them. They deserve it. They have been neglected altogether too long; and, situated as they are in the great metropolis, they ought to command enough attractions to be invincible. Many a pedagogue has had a longing for a sight of New York; and the opportunity to kill two birds with one stone will be hailed all over the land.

THE CLIMAX OF MEANNESS.

In England there lived and died a nice old lady, on whom for a time fortune had smiled, to an extent that enabled her, when she found she was not long for this world, to will and devise the sum of ten thousand dollars to her daughter, a deaf-mute by the name of Clara Musgrave.

Now this Clara Musgrave lived in America, in the western part of the United States. She resided with her father, a villain, and one to whom the appellation, rough though it seems, is altogether too soft. To describe him, as he ought to be described, would require words not yet known to the compilers of dictionaries.

It seems he contrived to become the guardian of her money, and then he began to scheme and plot to secure the money for himself. He would not quite steady it would have been better for him if he had, for there his wickedness would have begun and ended; instead, however, he took what he considered a royal road to success in his dastardly undertaking. Supposing that if his fair little ward were well out of the way, he could get hold of that ten thousand dollars, and control it to his heart's content, he hit upon the idea of trumping up the charge that Clara was insane; which being done, he thought it would quickly and naturally follow that a tomb—no matter if it was a living one—in an asylum for the insane, would be her inevitable lot.

His first steps to bring this about received a surprising check. Clara, it appears, had partaken of the benefits of some good institution for the deaf, or at least had been under the instruction of somebody who understood his business, for we are told that, in addition to being lovely and graceful, she was also accomplished. Therefore, when the full light of her guardian's baseness and depravity of purpose burst upon her, and she knew she was going to be made out a lunatic, she arose equal to the occasion, and we are happy to record she was able seconded by sundry friends. The law, which is supposed to be the bulwark of the defenceless, was called to aid, and happily did not disappoint its believers.

But the guardian, not daring to face the issue, attempted to take himself off, and also the money. In this he succeeded to the extent of reaching another city, with a certificate of deposit for the ten thousand dollars, which he attempted to negotiate. He may have done so, but that is doubtful, for it has been guarded against as far as mercantile tactics can go.

Meantime, and while we are waiting to learn, as we hope we shall, that the money is recovered intact, we believe that the persecuted Clara is in the care of good and prudent friends, who, when the time comes, will see that her money is so placed that she, alone, will obtain all benefit directly

and indirectly accruing from it. The man who could act thus basely toward a young lady, a deaf-mute, and his own daughter, we do not consider exempt from any selection of adjectives we might apply to him; but we dismiss him for the present, with the general remark that the world is better without such men, and the particular hope that the way of such a transgressor will be made especially hard.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

A one-armed deaf-mute lives in Texas, and, though uneducated, he has a farm of his own, and a wife and children.

It is of no use to steal the silver of the Kansas Institution. All the articles have "D. and D. L." engraved on them.

Some of our exchanges tell not, neither do they localize much, but they fold up their shears, like the Arab, and silently steal away.

SALARIES have been reduced in the industrial department of the Michigan institution, and there is intense feeling in consequence.

The Colorado Institution is rapidly filling up. In fact it is already full. The new State is evidently increasing in population.

Two young ladies of the Michigan Institution alternate in teaching a class of beginners. Economy! But false, nevertheless.

Mr. Charles S. Newell, Grand Treasurer Order of the Deaf, has removed to 400 West 23d St., New York City, where all his letters should be sent.

The *Mirror* man lately got a present of a cane of highly finished Georgia pine. It stands in his office within his reach. Beware!

The five stock of the Michigan Institution exhibited at the county fair, took the first and second premiums, and got praised in addition.

Tuxy had 330 pupils at the Indiana Institution, and more coming. All the teachers have been given \$250 extra, and have to board themselves.

Tim Kentzley *Deaf-Mute* is around once more, reporting timely improvements made in and about the institution during the summer. The pupils are ready in their arrivals.

As unimpaired pupil of the Kansas Institution, went and got a slave, and paid fifty cents for the luxury. Well, ain't it a barber's business to shave folks?

Which next the statisticians, here and there, report the number of pupils at the various institutions, will they please put down the Central New York Institution for 106 pupils?

CHRISTOPHER JACOBSON, deaf-mute, was struck by a locomotive, on a railroad in Dakota, and carried up by the pilot to the platform. He was taken off badly bruised, but will recover.

The Ohio Institution, which recently found itself named in a will to the extent of \$25,000, but about which sundry nest of kin made a row, seems in a fair way to obtain the legacy.

According to the *Mirror*, the library of the Michigan Institution is a pumper, because it has no visible means of support. We thought it, at least, had slaves to support the books.

The *Mirror* suggests that a small fee be charged visitors, who are piloted over the buildings of the Michigan Institution, and they come in flocks and devote the proceeds to help the institution library.

The time is almost at hand, when "yo" deaf-mute benedict peeps out from under the bed-clothes, lifts the crisp morning air, and mourns the fate that moves him to bounce out and "build the fire."

Persons who brought pupils to the Michigan Institution, and some who didn't bring any, were wont to hang around so long, that the trustees have resolved that the institution must not give any more entertainments.

Mr. Owen W. Evans, of Rome, N. Y., has kept the boots, shoes and other foot-gear of the pupils of the Central N. Y. Institution for Deaf-mutes in solid and pegs, and otherwise made them "useful as well as ornamental for the past two years."

The institution papers, generally, while they concede good grammar and rhetoric to the constant of the *Deaf-mute*, want it plainly understood that they admire it most for what it never publishes—items of news concerning, and of interest to, deaf-mutes.

The press at the printing-office of the Illinois Institution nearly gobbled up a pupil's thumb the other day. The boy was feeling of the rollers when the machinery started. Luckily this valuable member of the deaf-mute's hand got out in the nick of time, and he is all right.

Who wouldn't be a pupil in the Kansas Institution? They plant sweet potatoes there, and when they are ripe, lo and behold, they are as big around as a water bucket! But stop! whoa! they own up that their better is able to walk alone, and pools are said on the ability to run the engine in the gas house.

POTATOES are going up, as we found out when we shovelled over the counter a couple of quarters for our last bushel. The deaf-mute farmer, who just spring and summer waged unceasing warfare against a savage army of potato bugs, is doubtless now thinking that eternal vigilance is the price of a good crop.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Jones, and Mr. Lawrence N. Jones, his daughter, and little boy were in Mexico last Thursday, attended the marriage ceremony at the Episcopal church, of Mr. Myron Collins and Miss Joie Smith, (the latter is a half sister of Mrs. H. C. Rider), and made a few short calls among their deaf-mute friends residing here.

The Kentucky Institution reports three pupils from a family containing seven children, all of whom are deaf. "Living in the same county," it adds, "is another family, the head being brother to father's name No. 1, having two deaf children, whom the first parents love too well to send away to school." If we lived in Kentucky, we should proceed at once to Green county and start a new institution, being sure of opening with, at least nine pupils.

An infant terrible has grown up, within the last two years, in the Kansas Institution, and, as a natural consequence, talks more in signs than any thing else. Being taken away on a visit, the little one persisted in "signing" for water, bread, meat and other things on the table, much to the amusement of the other little folks. Once being kissed more than it liked, it got mad, and, with feet elevated, it gave pantomimic expressions of its wrath, but made no sound.

Once upon a time an energetic, or other fit, individual, a deaf-mute by the way, conceived the brilliant idea that he would get a large tract of land somewhere out West, and colonize it with such other deaf-mutes as he could induce to emigrate. The idea was broached during a short

era of great expectations, and, like many another, it soon died out. We should not be surprised before long to see it exhumed, brushed up, and brought forward as brand new. We, for one, elect to be nobody's fool.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Jenkins celebrated the anniversary of their wedding on the 10th inst., at their charming home, in Manhattanville, N. Y. There was a very select gathering and the affair was a most enjoyable one. Nothing was wanting in the entertainment, some of the most novel and interesting being that of the shadow pantomime and tableaux. The presents, both useful and ornamental were very tasteful, conspicuous among which was a good sized old-fashioned wash tub, sent with Mr. H. Currier's compliments. Refreshments were served, ample justice being done to Prussle's famous cream, ordered from town. The pleasant evening came to an end at last, every one leaving behind them their good wishes for many happy returns of the day.

The following list are the names of the guests present: Dr. L. L. Peet and wife, Dr. Rodenstein, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Jewell, Mrs. J. Carlin and son, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fitzgerald, Misses Carrie Durbrow and Sattie Howard, and Mr. M. Heyman, all of New York, Mr. F. Senior, of Brooklyn, B. D. Livingston, of Boston, Messrs. H. Currier, Lloyd and Hodgson, of the New York Institution.

The *Mirror*, very sensibly endeavors to show the farmers who are chronic growers about city salaries, that \$700 or \$800 a year don't go so far as they think. Some skulls are too thick for anything short of the cannon ball of experience. Some few grow wiser after this shot, but so many never get it, that it is almost impossible to get a decent salary, where any board of trustees hold the controlling power. Occasionally, but only to make the thing doubly ridiculous, some poor stick, rich in influence and all that sort of thing, gets a mammoth salary, but it does not take a second look to see that he is overpaid. The eternal fitness of things seems to be forever wanting in these matters. Where, for instance, is the excuse in keeping Mr. Gilbert O. Pay, Supt. of the Ohio Institution, with his 415 pupils, down to the niggardly salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, when every one conversant with deaf-mute education knows that the Ohio Institution is managed in such a way, combining high efficiency with wise economy, as to deserve the highest praise of the State, and the loudest plaudits of the profession.

A VERY INTERESTING CEREMONY.

A very interesting affair occurred at Grace Church last Thursday, the 18th inst. Public notice having been given that the marriage ceremony of Mr. Myron Collins, of New Haven, and Miss Joie C. Smith, of Mexico, would take place at two p. m., people began to pour into the church at an early hour, and at the appointed time the church was filled with interested spectators.

At a few minutes before two, two hacks were driven up in front of the church. The first contained the intended bride and groom, Hon. L. D. Smith, the father of the bride, and Mrs. H. Humphries. In the other were Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rider, Mrs. Grace J. Chandler, and Mr. William Collins, father of the bridegroom. Alighting from the hacks, the parties, preceded by the ushers, Dr. Charles Wright, of Adams Centre, and formerly of this village, and Mr. Edwin Everitt, of this town, passed up the aisle to the chancel in the following order: Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rider, Mr. William Collins and Mrs. Grace J. Chandler, the bridegroom and Mrs. H. Humphries, and last the bride and her father. The entrance of the parties was heralded by instrumental music by Mrs. Parker, the organist, and Theodore Webb and Willis Huntington of the Mexico Harmonic Band.

At precisely two o'clock the marriage ceremony was performed in a very impressive manner, according to the beautiful Episcopal style, by the Rev. Dr. Cross, rector of the church. The services being concluded, the wedded pair and party passed out of the church while the orchestra was playing, and entered the hacks which were immediately driven to the railroad depot.

At the front of the chancel was a beautiful arch, wreathed with evergreens and white flowers, reaching to the floor. Beneath the top of this arch was suspended a pretty cross, in the centre of which was a large, fine calla.

Everything in connection with the marriage ceremony was accomplished in a very pleasing manner, the bride and groom answering the usual questions promptly, and making all the responses distinctly. A more lovely bride in all the graces of person and mind never stood before the sacred altar of matrimony in our church, and the bridegroom seems in every respect worthy the fair prize he has won. The many and costly presents bestowed upon the former attest the affectionate regard in which she is held by her many friends.

The happy couple left on the 2:32 train for a wedding trip to Barre, Vt., where they were to spend part of their honeymoon with Rev. and Mrs. James Vincent, formerly of this village. May their conjugal barque ever float on untroubled seas.

A card from Rev. Thomas Gallandet.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 22, 1877.

DEAR SIR:—I came from New York last Saturday, and am the guest of Rev. H. W. Syll, in his new home, No. 2142 Mount Vernon St. Yesterday, Mr. Syll and I officiated together in St. Stephen's Church, having a celebration of the Holy Communion at 9 a. m., and the usual service at 2:30 p. m. After the latter I attended the Bible class in the S. S. Room, at 4 p. m. Our deaf-mute friends are deeply interested in the work which, with God's blessing, seems to be growing steadily in the right direction.

I expect to meet the Troy Club next Saturday evening, the 27th inst., and to hold the quarterly service in St. Paul's church, Albany, N. Y., next Sunday, the 28th inst., at 2:30 p. m. Hoping that the circulation of the *JOURNAL* is steadily increasing, I am

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS GALLANDET.

Local Paragraphs.

Weather a little misty this morning. We learn with regret that Miss Kate Brown is worse.

Dewey's factory is now making seven cheese a day.

Miss Fannie Conklin has recovered from her recent sickness.

Miss Fannie Becker, of Vassar College, is home for a few days.

Mrs. Emily and Miss Sarah Allen, of Oswego, are visiting at Mr. C. L. Webb's.

Mr. C. L. Webb left home yesterday for Illinois, to visit his daughter, Mrs. Andrew Johnson.

Miss Fannie Cook, of this town, has lately been sick with a fever, but is now getting better.

At T. W. Skinner's, the sick ones have nearly all recovered, and all are now doing very well.

Mr. R. L. Nelson has taken R. Bows' Foundry to run on shares. We wish him much success.

Mrs. Hiram Barber, who has long been in poor health, is still confined to the house by sickness.

Mr. Sumner Morehouse has opened a meat market at the corner of Main and Washington Streets.

Several of our merchants have recently been to New York, and bought their fall stock of new goods.

Mrs. Judge O. H. Whitney, of Courtland, N. Y., is visiting her former home, and friends, in this village.

Mrs. James Driggs has been quite sick with diphtheria for nearly two weeks. We are told that she is recovering.

Election occurs a week from next Tuesday. As usual, there is quite a strife among politicians, to see who shall have the fattest office.

The Hollister-Pendleton suit, Henry Kenyon, Esq., of Oswego, referee, which was adjourned to Oct. 23, was again adjourned to January, 1878.

There has been no sale of cheese at the Union Factory for the past four weeks. The factory is now making fifteen cheese daily, weighing sixty pounds each.

Mrs. Folsom, of Fulton, delivered an interesting lecture on "Wealth" before a fair sized audience, in the Universalist Church, in this village, Tuesday evening, the 23d inst.

Mrs. T. G. Brown was taken very sick last Saturday morning, and was very much prostrated for several days. She is getting better. Jesse was also quite sick a few days ago, but is out again.

Is there anybody who can not afford to eat squash pies, with plenty of good Hubbard squashes at one and a half to two cents a pound? Nobody but us, and we don't like that kind.

H. C. Bards' house has been raised so much that the first floor is now nearly high enough for a "gallery." When the improvements on the walk are completed his house will present a tasty appearance.

Rev. and Mrs. Matthew M. Parkhurst, of Chicago, are on their way home from Scotland. Mrs. Parkhurst went to Scotland last summer to visit her native home, and Mr. Parkhurst recently crossed over to accompany her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Parkhurst, of Chicago, and formerly of this village, were in town last Thursday and stayed over night with their friends. On the next day they left on a trip to Massachusetts and other eastern parts, and perhaps to Washington before they return home.

Mrs. Ira Johnson, of this place, died of diphtheria, last Friday morning, after a short but severe sickness. Her funeral was held at the residence, at 2 p. m., on Sunday. The house was filled with relatives and sympathizing friends. We did not learn the name of the officiating clergyman.

Reuben Rice says "business is business." He took an axe to cut off a chew of plug tobacco, and the result was that, instead of cutting the tobacco, he made a slight mistake, and partly cut a slice each from a thumb and finger. Moral: if you chew plug tobacco, file your teeth or grind your pocket knife.

Miss Cora Becker, who has been quite sick for some time, was much worse last week, having been attacked with frequent hemorrhage of the lungs. From Saturday morning till Wednesday (yesterday) she was very weak, but raised no blood. Yesterday afternoon she again had several attacks of hemorrhage, but her many friends are still hopeful for her recovery.

At the regular meeting of Tent No. 85 of N. O. L. R., the following officers were elected: C. C. Stowell, C. R.; G. W. Baker, P. C. R.; J. H. Gaze, D. R.; A. N. Benedict, S. J.; B. Stone, R. S.; J. Hartson, P. S.; W. A. Robbins, T. J.; L. Sampson, I. G.; M. Morse, O. G.; Supporters C. R., L. A. Whitney and M. Parsons; Supporters D. R., G. Alfred and G. A. Vanderwerker.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Elkins and their two children, of this town, started last Friday evening for Westbury, Wilts Co., England. Mr. Elkins came over from England six years ago; and (since) wife came a year later. They have come to the conclusion that they can do as well in the old country as here, and perhaps better, and will make that country their future home. Their many friends here wish them a pleasant voyage and safe arrival.

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

Mr. Edmon:—This world is not all "waste and howling wilderness," even to clergymen and their families. Here and there, at least, we find a green spot, with a pleasant fountain and overshadowing palm trees.

Last Friday night, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Cross went to church as usual, leaving the rectory doors, as they supposed, securely locked. Returning after service, they found the house, brilliantly lighted, every room crowded with uninvited guests, and the large dining table loaded with hales, bags, boxes, baskets, packages in piles and pyramids, containing substantial tokens of parochial good will.

The surprise was perfect, but not altogether unpleasing. Explanations were called for, and it was ascertained to be a "Pound Social" in honor of Mrs. C.'s birthday. Accordingly, there were pounds avoirdupois of groceries, provisions and dry goods, in refreshing variety; and a bowl full of pounds sterling in gold, silver, nickel, copper, and greenbacks; among the rest, a pound of five-cent pieces from Mr. C., and a yellow coin of equal value from Capt. B.

In this agreeable affair, our neighbors of other religious orders participated cordially with Dr. Cross's parishioners, and many of them graced the assembly with their cheerful presence. A lady who must have learned by heart the Apostle's advice—"Remember them that labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake"—not satisfied with her Rector's being "left out in the cold," now that the autumn winds begin to sharpen their notes, and howl the prelude of winter, sent him, a day or two afterward, a very handsome and comfortable testimonial of her esteem, in which you may find him arrayed any week-day morning in his library. And the Dr., instead of being envious of his wife's popularity, is so well pleased with the whole matter, that he wishes her birthday might recur seven times a year, and thinks of getting up before long a birthday of his own; in which it is confidently hoped, Mr. Editor, as you are "always ready unto every good work," you will not be slow to aid with your kind offices.

ZERUBABEL.

A WORD TO THE UNEMPLOYED.

Our attention has been called to a new cooking utensil, recently invented which makes baking a pleasure, instead of a dreaded necessity, the inventor of which has conferred an everlasting blessing upon every house-keeper. We refer to the Patent Centennial Cake and Bread-Pan, with which, by simply raising a hook, you can remove the sides of the pan from the cake instantly, without breaking or injuring it in the least, thus enabling you to see and frost it while warm. To remove the tube in the center, insert a knife in the slot in the top of the tube, and simply give it a half turn, and it will drop out. It is also provided with a slide on the bottom, so that when you remove the tube, you can close the hole, making a pan with plain bottom, for baking jelly and plain cakes, pudding, bread, etc., thus practically giving you two pans for the price of one.

The Centennial Cake Pan is highly recommended by the ladies as being the best and most convenient pan ever introduced. They are made of Russian iron, are more durable, and will bake your cakes more evenly and a much nicer brown than you can bake them in the old-fashioned tin cake pans. These goods are sold exclusively through agents to families, and every housekeeper should by all means have them. A splendid opportunity is offered to some reliable lady or gentleman canvasser of this county to secure the agency for a pleasant and profitable business. For terms, territory, etc., write to L. E. Brown & Co., Nos. 214 & 216 Elm St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CONVENTION OF WORKINGMEN AND GREENBACKERS.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1877.

TO CITIZENS OF OSWEGO COUNTY:—We hereby invite the Towns and Wards of Oswego Co., to send five delegates each to a County Convention to be held at the old Supreme Court Room, on Water street, Oswego, on Monday, Oct. 29th, 1877, at 2 o'clock p. m., at which time a County Ticket will be made, and such other business performed as may be expedient.

SILAS DAVIS,
THOMAS PHILLIPS,
LEWIS PHILLIPS,
H. A. RICHARDS,
P. RANCH.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) Spring \$7.25 Red 7.75 White 8.75
Meal, 3 cent, (retail) 1.20
Shorts, 1 ton, 116.00
Shipings, 1 ton, 118.00
Biddings, 1 ton, 124.00
Corn, 100 bushels, 30.00
Oats, 100 bushels, 30.00

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.
Butter, 15 @ 22
Lard, 12 @ 18
Cheese, 11 @ 13
Lard, 11 @ 13
Eggs, 1 dozen, 12
Beef, 1 lb., 5 @ 12
Pork, 1 lb., 5 @ 12
Pork, 1 barrel, retail, 65
Pork, 1 barrel, 55 @ 65
Apples, (dried) 1 lb., 11
Hams, 1 lb., 11
Dressed Poultry, 1 lb., 8 @ 10
Potatoes, 1 lb., 25 @ 30
Beef Hides, 1 lb., 5 @ 6

SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—Only \$1.50 a year.

Incidents of Prof. Turner's Mission Work Continued.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 11, 1877.

My DEAR MR. RIDER:—The purpose which brought me to this city last Monday evening, was fortunately accomplished at Mr. George Comstock's house last night, it being a special service, conducted in the presence of four deaf-mutes; viz, Mr. and Mrs. Comstock, Messrs. Langley and Conley, all of whom had the Gospel preached to them in the sign language, for the first time in many years.

Mr. James Conley, a graduate of the American Asylum, is at present employed as a printer in the *Mercury* office, which boasts of having published the first paper in America.

Mr. Edward Langley, an old uneducated deaf-mute, is a cooper by trade. He can convey his ideas pretty well, having learned signs from Mr. Comstock, but for whose kindness he would probably now be living in ignorance. I heard that he knew a good deal about God and the future state. He lives on a competent income, which his father, recently deceased, bequeathed to him, if I mistake not. He is a little over seventy years old.

Mrs. Rebecca Ann Comstock, formerly Miss Palmer, of Rome, N. Y., was for several years a pupil of the New York Institution, before Dr. H. P. Peet succeeded Mr. Loflorrow as Principal. She told me that Dr. Peet made many great improvements in Mr. Loflorrow's system of instruction; and that he was more energetic, and commanded more respect. The great fame in which the institution is placed, is due to his indefatigable energy, and proves him to be a gentleman of administrative ability.

Mr. George Comstock is, I believe, the oldest living graduate of the American Asylum next to Mrs. Cleve, though he went there about three months before she did. He was admitted in June 1817, and graduated in April, 1823, when he received the appointment of teacher, from Lewis Wild, Principal of the Penn. Institution, with which he was for four years connected. Then he was compelled by ill health to give up his situation. Afterwards he lived a sea life for many years, but now he does light work at home, owing to his age, being eighty-one. It was sea life that restored him to health, which he has ever since been enjoying. He still retains his memory well, and told me many names and words, on his fingers, like a deaf-mute of forty years. He is much esteemed, even by the little children. Mr. Comstock gave me an interesting drive of about three hours, showing me many places of celebrity. He showed me the house where an uneducated deaf-mute woman named Miss Turner lived, and died very old.

About thirty yards from Mr. Comstock's stands the house in which "the hero of Lake Erie," Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry was born. He died at Port Spain, Trinidad, August 23, 1819, and his remains were conveyed to his native land in a ship of war, according to a resolution of Congress, and interred Dec. 4, 1826, in the shade of the place which gave him birth, Aug. 23, 1785. The State of Rhode Island has erected a granite monument to his memory, at her own expense.

The oldest street in this city is Thames Street. It is now the business street. If you were to pass along this street, you would imagine yourself in some ancient English town.

Mr. Comstock led me into Washington Square, at the head of which stands the old State House, built in 1742, remarkable for many historical associations which cling around this ancient edifice. From its steps, the Declaration of Independence was read in 1776. This venerable building was used as a hospital by the British, and afterwards by the French when they held the island.

My curiosity led me into the Senate Chamber, to see a life size portrait of Washington, from the pencil of Stuart, a native of this city.

The Vernon House is a place of considerable interest. After the British had evacuated Newport, in 1779, it was occupied by Redoubant, commander of the French forces, as his headquarters. In the same house a grand reception ball was celebrated in honor of Geo. Washington. It was once occupied by General LaFayette. Gravely Paine is worth seeing, because there twenty-six pirates were all hung at the same time, July 19, 1723.

In front of this city is Goat Island, which has become a celebrated torpedo station, the equal of which does not exist. Mr. Comstock showed me during our drive the Ice Rocks, where Ida Lewis, the "Grace Darling of America" resides. Her fame is almost world-wide, she having saved several persons from a watery grave. She made her first exploit in rescuing four young men, who, while taking a sail in the harbor, had their boat upset, and must have found a watery grave, but for her timely assistance. She saw their danger from the rocks, and rowed her boat to them, and rescued them. I would mention other instances of her heroism, but time forbids. I saw the "old stone mill," when, by whom, and for what, it was built, is unfortunately buried in oblivion, perhaps forever. The place where the stone mill stands is called *Towro Park*, at the other end of which stands a life size statue of Commodore M. C. Perry, who had the treaty of Japan ratified.

We had a beautiful ride along the beach from which we took a fine view of the blue sea. Mr. Comstock said that he once saw from the beach a naval battle fought between the Americans and the British ships. He pointed out a distant house, whither he saw some wounded soldiers carried on stretchers. He showed me Fort Adams, the largest fort in the United States, with the ex-

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not thereby assume responsibility for any of our correspondents.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 16, 1877.
Editor Journal.—It will be news to graduates, and others who know anything about the affairs of this college, to learn that the clerkship in President Gallaudet's office, instead of being given to a student on his graduation as hitherto has been the custom, was given this year to a hearing and speaking young man of this city, for reasons best known to the President himself. Mr. John C. Bais, the former clerk, resigned the position last June, to take a more lucrative one as principal of a colored school for deaf-mutes in Baltimore, in place of Mr. Tuck, who has been appointed head teacher in the Oregon Institution.

Prof. Fay is happy in the possession of a third son.

President Gallaudet, who has the spiritual welfare of the students as much at heart as their intellectual progress, and takes interest in fitting us not only for our lives in the outside world, but also for our lives in the hereafter, has organized a religious meeting among the students, to be held regularly in our chapel on the evening of the first Sunday of each month. The object, as he himself explained, was to enable the students to meet together, not exactly for a prayer-meeting, but for the discussion, in a social and friendly manner, of any religious topic that may come up. The first meeting, which took place last Sunday, was very well attended.

There are two disciples of Asculapius in room 16, who treat any and all the ills that the flesh of students is heir to; viz: sprains, bruises, black eyes and bloody noses, etc., in a very scientific manner, with their electric battery. Base ballists with sprained fingers, foot-ball players with bruised shins, and athletes with cracked heads, come to Doctors (?) Tipton and Gray for treatment.

The juniors are getting too conceited over their acquisition of the French language, and are constantly flinging French words and phrases in the faces of other less favored mortals than themselves. One of them got a re-buff the other day, that put an end to his desire for showing off, for a time. Meeting a "Prep" the other day, he button-holed him, and proceeded to talk to him in French. The victim bore all this patiently until his monitor was through, and then quietly asked: "What gibberish were you speaking?"

While a delegation of the Indians were staying in this city, a delegation of the students called on them. The "noble red men" seemed to lose all their habitual indifference of manner at the sight of us talking in signs, and we became as much the objects of their curiosity as they were of ours. Then we held a grand pow-wow, conversing with each other in natural signs. The children of nature were quick of apprehension, and readily comprehended what we meant, but nothing amused them so much as our description of hunting buffaloes.

The Kendalls played a matched game with the "Great Unknowns" last Saturday, easily defeating them. The Great Unknowns B. C. was got up by a few jealous spirits in the college for the purpose of humbling the first nine, but we turned the tables on them. Several strong players from the city were hired for the occasion, and John A. Prince was captain. More interest is shown in our base ball club than any other association, and the man who is too dainty to sprain a finger or two is regarded with contempt, and is called a "young-man-afraid-of-the-ball". The names of the officers of the Kendall B. C. are as follows: President, Lester Goodman, '80; Vice-President, P. J. Kelly, '81; Secretary, Delos A. Simpson, '78; Treasurer, Frank W. Bigelow. By a recent vote of the club, the office of captain was abolished and that of manager substituted. Mr. Simpson was unanimously chosen to fill the position, with almost unlimited powers. Under his management, everything has gone well in the club so far.

The Reading club has the following board of officers: President, S. M. Freeman, '78; Vice-President, L. H. Long, '81; Secretary, J. S. Sansom, '80; Treasurer, Frank W. Bigelow; Librarian, Coleman, '82; Assistant Librarian, Mallick, '83.

The Athletic Association has been re-organized with the following results: President, Harry White, '80; Secretary, F. R. Gray, '78. The society has a new constitution. Its first field meeting will take place on the last Saturday in this month.

There is talk among the students of getting up a masquerade party, instead of the well-worn pantomime of the "Four Lovers," on Thanksgiving Day. The idea is a good one, and should be carried into effect. We can have the pantomime on Feb. 22d, or some other time.

The favorite pastime among the students is boxing, although All Fool's Day is a long way off. One night, the occupants of Room No. 19 were awakened by a loud knocking at their door. Upon opening it, they received the joyful tidings of the arrival of a fellow student who had long been expected. Although it was after ten o'clock, and cold at that, they hastily put on their clothes, and ran down two flights of stairs to the lower floor. Seeing no one in the hall, the deluded twin roused up the inmates of a room on that floor to ask if this object of their search was there. In answer to

their questions, they were told that he was in another room, and upon applying there they received the same answer. So from room to room, from story to story, they went until they arrived at the last room, worn out by their wild goose chase. There the truth dawned on their bewildered minds, and they hastened back to their room, vowing eternal vengeance on the joker, who wisely kept himself out of their way until the storm blew over.

"Yawcob Van Voort" is the name applied to a certain "Prep," by the rest of the students, and they say that what he does not know about perfumery, is not worth knowing. Late one night as Van Voort was coming back to college from a perfuming expedition somewhere in the city, he overtook J. M. Cosgrove, '78, wending his way homeward. He observed another person walking by his side, whom he fancied must be some pretty young girl. No sooner did the gallant Yawcob come to this conclusion than he stopped his hasty stride, and going up to his fellow student, asked him if she was a lady friend of his. Mr. Cosgrove answered in the affirmative, and asked: "would you like an introduction to her?" Of course he would; and taking off his plug hat, made as profound an obeisance as he might to a princess of the royal blood. This little ceremony having been gone through, Yawcob proceeded to try and win her golden opinion with his tongue. It must be remarked here that there was no moon, and it was not light enough for Van Voort to distinguish the features of his newly-found friend; so he kept on talking to her, while she answered him only by a shake of her head, and with a smile, which displayed the whiteness of her teeth. As soon as they got near a lamp-post, which threw its light full upon their faces, Van Voort eagerly turned his eyes upon her features.

What was it that changed the gallant expression of his face to one of surprise and horror? He rubbed his eyes, and looked again and again, but there was no disputing the fact, that the one, to whom he had been paying such devoted attention for the past half hour, belonged to the colored race. For the rest of the way the crest-fallen knight spoke not a word, nor offered his arm to her again. The colored woman was a nurse belonging to one of the professors, who had asked Mr. Cosgrove to walk with her to a store and back, as the hour was late.

STUDENT.

There are two disciples of Asculapius in room 16, who treat any and all the ills that the flesh of students is heir to; viz: sprains, bruises, black eyes and bloody noses, etc., in a very scientific manner, with their electric battery. Base ballists with sprained fingers, foot-ball players with bruised shins, and athletes with cracked heads, come to Doctors (?) Tipton and Gray for treatment.

ANOTHER VOICE FROM THE WEST.

Mr. Editor:—I am deeply interested in the controversy now being carried on in your paper between the mutes and the Episcopal church, for, setting aside persons, it amounts to the same thing: Lay-readers, Revs., &c., being more representative, obeying and carrying out the orders of their superiors, who are the heads of the church, and it strikes me the question must be settled one way or the other; and that very soon, or ill feeling, deep-rooted and lasting, will be engendered, much to the detriment of the cause of Christ when both parties, with equal sincerity, profess to serve.

I have just been reading "Dixie's" communication. Evidently "Dixie" is not an Episcopalian, while I am free to say that I am; and, if I agree with him in some things, it is because I know that he states the feelings of the great majority of mutes correctly, and I may be pardoned if I put in a word for them too.

It is quite evident that there are other things, besides mutton chops, that may be spoiled by being over-done, and I am very much afraid that this is one of them. If these representatives of the Episcopal church would go a little slower, perhaps there would be less cause for complaint, and, if they would only attempt to officiate in the peculiar forms of our church where they are wanted, and where they are welcome, they would probably have more influence for good than they now possess. Zeal is an excellent thing when kept within proper bounds.

But they might say: we are not commanded by Divine authority to go unto all the world and preach the Word? And if His ministers had waited until called for, the heathen would never have been reached. True, but in so doing they are not bound to rush against and push aside other representatives of their Master, who have already occupied the field, and are doing good service. And here the question comes up: who are representatives of our Master? Are only those who are ordained or have a license to preach? Are all others to be regarded as usurpers? In my humble opinion certainly not. "By their fruits shall ye know them." A Christian character, life, and acts are the only licenses recognized throughout the whole Christian world, and whoever possesses these is entitled to preach God's Word to his fellow men, whether he holds a license from human hands or not.

Now, as "Dixie" says, the mutes in most of our large cities have societies and religious services, conducted by such of their own number as they consider fitted for such work, and they are getting along very well. On account of the very nature of the component parts of the societies, no two, hardly, being of the same denomination, but all uniting on common ground for worship and instruction, the services are undenominational or unsectarian, and they are glad to hear any one preach to them, no matter of what denomination he is himself, provided he comes to them in the same spirit. But now comes an Episcopal minister, or lay-reader, with a license in his pocket, and, instead of conforming to the usages of the society, insists upon introducing his own forms and ceremonies, and here is where the trouble

begins. Being accustomed to a simpler, but no less sincere and acceptable, form of worship, and having minds and opinions of their own, the mutes think the invocation is tiresome, cumbersome, and not at all to their tastes. They do not relish witnessing the same things repeated over and over again, every time they are called together, and as soon as the novelty has worn away they yearn for their plain and simpler fare.

That their service is unnecessarily long and cumbersome, is acknowledged by the Episcopals themselves in the action of their church convention, assembled in Boston, on the 15th inst., instructing a committee to shorten the forms of service in the Prayer Book. The same craves instruction and information, and for that he looks chiefly to the sermon, and if the preliminary services are long, the sermon is necessarily very short indeed. It is the sermon he wants, and that without the conditions. "But," says the Episcopalian, "the main object in coming to church is worship." Well, supposing it is, what minister would dare to repeat the same sermon week after week, no matter how excellent and conducive to worship? How long would he have a congregation to listen to him? Besides, among hearing people, those who like that form of worship congregate together, and those who do not can go elsewhere; but the mute has no choice except to stay away and it is not fair to, in a measure, compel him to go through what he does not like for the sake of a few crumbs at the end.

It is not against the Episcopal church that the mutes rebel, but against denominationalism. If the Catholics should send out priests to preach to us, as does the Episcopal church, the result would be the same.

In England, where almost all the mutes have been brought up in the institutions under the forms of the established, or Episcopal church, they take kindly to such services; but in this country it is different, and if a little more respect were shown for differences of opinion everything would move along smoothly. Let the Episcopal church continue to send out missionaries, for which we are thankful, but at the same time let them, when preaching to an assembly of mutes of different denominations, lay aside their robes, forms and sectarianism, and preach the Gospel pure and simple, and they will be welcomed with open arms. The Gospel platform is broad enough for all sects and creeds to stand upon. At the judgment day, the question will not be, are you a Baptist, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian, but are you a sincere believer in and follower of Christ? There are many roads leading to Heaven, and it does not matter which road you take so you arrive there safely, and no questions will be asked as to which route you came by.

I have heard some one say "the mutes owe the Episcopal church a debt of gratitude for its endeavors to enlighten and save them, when all other denominations have neglected or overlooked them." Yes, but opinions are not the offspring of gratitude but convictions, and one can be grateful to a benefactor without subscribing to everything he lays down.

An army is composed of a great many regiments. Episcopals, Methodists, Congregationalists, etc., are but so many regiments in the same great army, following the same Leader, and fighting under the same banner, and it is folly to quarrel with a person because he is not in your particular regiment. Let him fight where he is, and if members of various regiments get detached they can fight side by side without questioning as to which one each belongs. If a person outside wishes to join the great army, find out for which regiment he has preference, and lead him to it, and see him enlisted, and you will be doing just as good a work as if you induced him by specious arguments to join your own, for which he may have no special inclination. For what difference does it make which regiment he enters, so he joins the great army marching on to victory?

I know the temptation to swell the ranks of one's own company is very great, but missionaries to mutes are placed in a peculiar position, and in order to accomplish the most good, must be strictly impartial. They should consider themselves employed by the General-in-Chief, Christ himself, and not by any particular regimental commander.

The peculiarities of the case may, perhaps, after a time lead to several denominations combining and employing missionaries conjointly to work among the mutes, and then they will have no incentive to work in the interest of any one in particular, but for the good of the whole, "a consummation most devoutly to be wished for," and why not? I have often wondered why it has not been done before.

These missionaries are supported almost entirely by hearing persons, (which is not very creditable to the mutes), so the object in the large cities can not be the support obtained therefrom, but to do good. Now why not draw a line just here, and let the time and labor spent on those who already have services be given to small or places, and to those who have not the same advantages? Do they work upon the principle that "unto every one that hath shall be given?" Rather give unto him that hath not.

IMPARTIAL.

Our stock of stationery is now nearly complete, and our business men will do well to call and examine some of our Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, and especially our stock of Envelopes, which we will furnish at the lowest possible rates.

LECTURE BY W. A. BOND.

The Sunday School room of St. Ann's Church, New York, was quite well filled on Wednesday evening, the 17th inst., to attend a lecture on "Rum and its Evils," by Mr. W. A. Bond, Secretary of the Manhattan Deaf-mute Literary Association. He was introduced by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who read his manuscript for the hearing and speaking friends. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. The matron, Miss Jane Middleton, and the inmates were present.

Mr. Bond set forth clearly and impressively the terrible effects of drunkenness.

After he had finished, Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald alluded to the fact that the 25th anniversary of St. Ann's Church had been recently celebrated and said that his deaf-mute friends and himself had thought some recognition of the kind and faithful services of the rector, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, should be made. He stated that the sum of \$70 had been collected, of which \$5 had been appropriated by the Manhattan Literary Association, accompanied by the following document:

MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, Sec'y's Office, No. 71 SKILLMAN ST., BROOKLYN, E. D., Oct. 5, 1877.

To THE REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET, Our Beloved Rector:—At a meeting of the above association, held at its rooms in the basement of St. Ann's church, on Oct. 4, 1877, the following preamble and resolutions were offered by the Secretary of the association and unanimously adopted:

PREAMBLE.

Whereas, The Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, Rector of St. Ann's Church, has, for the past twenty-five years, devoted his time and labor to the religious welfare of the Deaf and Dumb, and

Whereas, St. Ann's Church has entered this the 7th day of October, 1877, her twenty-fifth anniversary, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members, of the Manhattan Literary Association who have been permitted by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet to occupy the basement of said church for the express purpose of holding our meetings therein, on Thursday evenings, deem it our earnest duty to recognize the kindness shown us, and be it also

Resolved, That we subscribe \$5 towards the subscription list, now being worked up by the friends of our beloved Rector, as an acknowledgment token of gratitude for his services and kindness toward the Manhattan Literary Association.

FRANKLIN CAMPBELL, President.
W. A. BOND, Secretary.
WM. O. FITZGERALD, } Committee
JOHN WITSCHEP, } on
JAMES S. WELLS, } Resolutions

Mr. Fitzgerald concluded by saying, it was the desire of those who had contributed to the fund, that the Rector should use the money in purchasing a new suit of clothes, a hat, &c.

The Rector returned his sincere thanks for this token of good-will from those who were so dear to him, and made a short address in which he briefly reviewed the past. He said that some of his actions had doubtless been criticised, for he was by no means perfect, but he claimed to have the right motives, and felt sure that after all he had the love and esteem of those with whom he had been associated. He trusted that they would all go on in the new quarter of a century on the bonds of a closer fellowship. Among the persons present, we noticed the Rev. Messrs. Krans and Chamberlain of St. Ann's Church, Mrs. Sip and Mrs. Curdin, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. McGill, of Baltimore, and Mrs. Gallaudet.

As the company began to disperse for their homes, it was the unanimous opinion that a pleasant and profitable evening had been spent.

SPECTATOR.

FREE DISCUSSION.

My DEAR MR. RIDER:—It must be very difficult for you to decide at times what communications to publish and what to reject. I trust that you will allow a free discussion of views in relation to religious services among deaf-mutes, and I trust that the communications may be free from imputing unworthy motives among those who differ. We are all working for a common object, i. e., the real improvement of deaf-mutes after they leave school. Quite a large number of us have been gradually drawn together by providential circumstances in the widely extended fellowship of "The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes." We are conscientiously acting according to the light and knowledge which we have received. We believe that the wonderful system of the Book of Common Prayer, being in harmony with the Holy Scriptures, is eminently adapted to benefit all our deaf-mute friends. We must therefore press on lovingly and firmly in calling attention to the great advantages which we offer. Let those who think differently act with earnestness to present the views which are dear to them, but let all be done in charity and without personal feeling. Let us try to find out the will of God without the fear of any fellow pilgrim in life's strange journey, and without any of the narrow prejudices which are so apt to be formed within us by the opinions of dearly beloved relations or friends. Let us all work earnestly and pray God to show us who are right. It seems to be generally admitted that the clergy and members of what is popularly called the Protestant Episcopal Church, have been led to undertake and carry on systematically

the greater part, by far, of the religious care of adult deaf-mutes throughout the country. This work seems to have had the real mustard-seed growth from a very small seed. We are confident that sooner or later this growth will be generally appreciated by deaf-mutes, and those who desire their highest temporal and spiritual welfare. Let all try to get clearer ideas of the difference between a sect and the organic unity which ought to bind together the followers, of Him who prayed so earnestly for unity on the night previous to His crucifixion. We can read the record in the 17th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. Let us believe that the time is coming when all sects shall disappear, and all Christians be united in one organization. In the meantime let us zealously contend for our views, and favor full and free discussion. Yours sincerely,

THOMAS GALLAUDET.

DEAF-MUTES DEBATING.

A LITTLE MIDDLE BETWEEN TWO DEAF-MUTE SOCIETIES—NO CAUSE FOR BAD FEELINGS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Thursday, the 18th inst., the Manhattan Literary Association was honored by the presence of Dr. L. L. Peet, Principal of the New York Inst., Miss Jones and Hodgson of the instructors, Messrs. Reynolds, Eddy, Fox, and Eckhardt of the Fanwood Literary Association, together with several ladies, and a number of non-members. As such an honor occurs but once in a great while, a few words in explanation are necessary.

Last April, the Secretary of the M. L. A., received what purported to be a challenge from the Fanwood Literary Association to the M. L. A., to a competitive debate. This challenge was sent without authority from the executive committee and wholly without Dr. Peet's knowledge. When Dr. Peet heard of it, he at once ordered the challenge withdrawn, it being against the rules of the association to hold a public debate with outsiders. His wishes were complied with, and notice at once sent to the Secretary of the M. L. A. Those concerned in the sending of the challenge, thought this was the end of the affair. But it turned out otherwise. On the day appointed for the debate, Messrs. Bond and Godfrey, as representatives of the M. L. A., made their appearance, ready and willing, to uphold the honor of their association. They were met by the president of the F. L. A. with surprise, and asked if they had not received notice of the withdrawal of the challenge, and the reason therefor. Replying in the negative, the president forthwith proceeded to inform them. They accepted the situation with good grace, and as there was to be a debate among the members of the F. L. A. the same evening, requested permission to attend as spectators. Permission being granted, when the meeting opened they took seats. Soon afterwards, the debaters refused to proceed on account of their presence, and, seeing this, one of the members moved that the debate should be a private one. The motion was seconded, read to the members, and carried unanimously. Messrs. Bond and Godfrey at once withdrew.

There was nothing wrong in this. On being informed of the withdrawal of the challenge, their representation of the M. L. A. ceased, and they were before the F. L. A. simply as individuals. The pupils were naturally bashful at showing their shortcomings before others than members of the association, and the action was perfectly justifiable. Messrs. Bond and Godfrey did not take this view of the case. They took it as an insult to the M. L. A., and, managed, by a highly-colored account of the proceedings, to make the members think the same, and demand was made on the part of the M. L. A. for an apology from the F. L. A. Dr. Peet investigated the case, and the result of his investigations led him to refuse such a demand. Letters passed between the Dr. and the Secretary of the M. L. A. It was finally agreed that the Dr., accompanied by those cognizant of the facts, should come down and present their side of the case.

The M. L. A. proposed that three gentlemen should be selected to decide the question: one to be chosen by the F. L. A., one by the M. L. A., and the third by the two thus chosen. The letter containing this proposition reached Dr. Peet on Wednesday, the 17th, and he answered it in person by a refusal to accede to any such terms. He said that the F. L. A. was not on trial and needed no such tribunal. He offered to make an explanation, which could be accepted or not, as the association should think fit. Should it be accepted, the whole matter would drop. If not accepted, a referee could pass final judgment upon the question.

Mr. Bond, representing the M. L. A., opposed two, and advocated the tribunal of three. Dr. Peet, was firm. He gave the association to understand it was his *ultimatum*. Such being the case, he was allowed to proceed, which he did in so clear and concise a manner that he carried conviction to every one who was not blindly prejudiced. His explanation was substantially as above stated.

Mr. Bond's reply was soon torn to pieces by Dr. Peet, who clearly showed that he labored under a misconception on every point he advanced. Dr. Peet was, throughout, clear, logical, to the point. Mr. Bond was arrogant almost throughout. He seemed to think that he had but to say the word and the thing would be done. Dr. Peet's explanation was entirely satisfactory, and it would be well for the M. L. A. to hereafter suspend judgment on any question till both sides are heard.

SPECTATOR.

THE WRONGS OF DEAF-MUTES.

I have just finished reading an article in a newspaper, giving an account of how a father attempted to cheat his daughter out of the sum of ten thousand dollars. The article goes on to say that the daughter in question, is a deaf-mute, although well educated. Not content to merely deprive her of the money, which had been willed to her mother, long since deceased, he also attempted to deprive her of her liberty by shutting her up in a mad-house. This story seems hardly credible, but I have no reason to disbelieve it. On the contrary, I fear that half of the ugly truths, in this case have been suppressed. That such an inhuman father, has existence, in the light of this, the 19th century, seems almost to stagger conviction.

Now, I am not much in favor of capital punishment, but if ever there was a man who richly deserved to be suspended in mid-air between heaven and earth, with a rope around his neck, it is this man who attempted to rob his deaf-mute daughter, and also all other persons, who, in any way, seek to better themselves or their hearing friends, at the expense of those whom God has, for some wise purpose, seen fit to deprive of that priceless sense, hearing. Some will dare to say that the loss of hearing does not make the deaf feel unhappy. This may be true, so far as the unfortunate deaf-mutes are concerned, but who, among you, hearing people, would consent, for money, to be deprived of your hearing? You know that no amount of money would tempt you to dispense with hearing. Even the wayside beggar would scorn to accept everything that could make him comfortable for the rest of his days, if he knew it would be at the price of his hearing. We all know that it is utterly impossible to place the deaf and dumb on an equal footing with the hearing, and God never meant that it should be so. But while it was God's hand which afflicted them, so it is also His hand which is stretched out for their protection and care, and woe unto him who dares to do them the least wrong; for, sooner or later, retribution will surely come to every wrong doer.

I have read of hundreds of cases where the deaf-mutes were trodden down, cheated and most cruelly and shamefully wronged by their more fortunate brethren, some of whom stand high in the world's estimation—*ministers of the gospel*, lawyers, and others, who are now moving in the first circles of society, and are highly respected by all. I have taken considerable pains to investigate this subject of the deaf-mute's grievances, received at the hands of others who ought to thank God, every moment of their lives, that they are not deaf like those whom they have so cruelly outraged. As a general rule these deaf-mutes have submitted to their wrongs very quietly, for they knew they were utterly powerless to help themselves, and this has led those who have wronged them, so to flatter themselves that they did not wrong them much, and generally give some very trifling excuse for having done as they did. These same trifles they have committed themselves over and over again a hundred times, but when it is committed once by a deaf-mute, they cry out in tones of pious severity, "Let us kick this deaf-mute, don't you see he has committed a trifle!" Trifles, which the hearing persons commit with impunity, and are loudly applauded for so doing, but when committed by the unfortunate deaf-mute they become heinous sins, and are severely punished just as if they had been guilty of the worst crimes short of murder or a State prison offense. War Tyler.

PHYSICAL CULTURE—CARE FOR THE BODY AS WELL AS FOR THE MIND.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A few weeks since we sent an article to your valued paper, "How to increase the Volume of the Lungs." Now we propose to write another article for the especial benefit of all who are interested in the education, physical and moral culture of our deaf-mute friends, also for this large class who are styled "deaf-mutes."

Many are beginning to see that the body, as well as the mind has rights that must be respected. Although the pale, sickly student may win the most prizes in college, it is the tough, sinewy one, who will win the most prizes in life, and that in every calling, other things being equal. The most successful person will be the one who has slept the soundest, and digested the most well cooked dinners, with the least difficulty. The doctrine of Pascal, that "disease is the natural state of Christians," has now few believers. We rather hold to the opinion of Dr. J. W. Alexander, who, when asked if he enjoyed the full assurance of faith, replied: "I think I do, except when the wind is from the East."

Our power comes from the generating forces that are in us, namely, the digestion of nutritious food into vitalized blood, made fine by oxygenation. This teaches the importance of good, healthy food, of different varieties. As our bodies are composed of the component particles that make up our globe, so, if any of these particles are not in our system (the lack of which is often times caused by improper food), weakness and disease is engendered, and in exact proportion as these elements are lacking, in the same proportion will our bodily ailments increase.

To do our life-work well and cheerfully, we need a working constitution; and one thing that will produce that, is daily exercise in the open air. The atmosphere we breathe is an exhalation of all the minerals of the globe. The thorough aeration of the blood by deep inhalations of air, so as to bring it in contact with the whole breathing surface of the lungs, is indispensable to

those who would maintain the whole vital power, on which the vigorous working-power of the brain so largely depends. Nearly all our great men have been full-chested men, who have been as sedulous to train their bodies as their intellects. It is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient in what the world calls talent. Of what use is it, that our minds are a vast grain granary of knowledge, if we have not strength to turn the key?

The effects of the culture of the body are strikingly seen in the nations of antiquity, with whom gymnastics and calisthenics were a part of the regular school education. The brain thereby was filled with a quick-pulsing and finely oxygenated blood, the nerves made healthy, the digestion sharp and powerful, and the whole physique developed into the fullest health and strength.

There should be a harmonious education of body and mind, in order to attain to intellectual greatness. Our deaf-mutes are not at all deficient in either body or mind, (many of them) Circumstances over which they had no control, have made them thus; diseases in many cases. They, of all others, need strengthening food, so as to keep up the nervo-vital fluids of their bodies. Mistakes are too often made in the institutions of learning; it is the same old diet week after week. They tire of it—we would—and the results are, they sit down to their meals often-times discontented, eat with little or no relish, and rise from the table dissatisfied. Do they make advances in this manner? No, we say, they cannot. Give them plain, solid food, well prepared, put before them invitingly, and results and progress will be far different. Good food makes good blood; good blood invigorates and enlivens the entire organism, gives power and strength to the brain, increases the electricity of the system, and, sometimes, the deaf one, made so by paralysis, through these means, is made to hear some. Poor food lessens the vital forces. Better than the physician's calls are the calls of the butcher and the fisherman. Too little brain food is given to our young people. They need fish to supply food for the brain, as well as for the stomach. A change of tactics would in many cases, be a change of brain power, bodily vigor, and mental activity.

Sometime in the future I hope to call attention to other things.

Mrs. E. M. Gray, M. D.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

Another October has dropped in on our old place, to the great gratification of the younger fry, an account of the fruit and nuts it ripens for them, and which they are busily gathering.

Our big machine is now fairly under way, grinding out another batch of students for the next commencement. The health of our inmates is pretty good, and we hope that this year will be as successful as any other.

The new ventilating system introduced into the school building, is now in working order; so that the teachers and pupils can draw pure air, undeffiled, from the fountain, and if the vent holes will not let in Jack Frost when the cold weather comes, they may prove of benefit to us.

We are expecting all the time to go to the American Institute Fair, though we do not yet know when we shall go. This yearly visit to the Fair has grown to be an established institution among us, and now we would no more think of dropping it than we would of dropping Thanksgiving or Christmas; not that the Fair is in itself so very wonderful, but for the fun of the journey to and from it, the release from the dull routine of school, and for the pleasant social which we always have in the evening of Fair day.

The other day Mrs. Middleton, matron of the Home for Aged Deaf-mutes, paid us a visit, bringing with her a lady friend, Miss Seymour. Miss Seymour seemed to think a great deal, of our humble place, for she brought with her a fine lot of nice flowers, and distributed them among the officers and the girls. Very kind indeed! The Hudsons have changed the name of their Base Ball Club to Fanwood; a good and a proper change too, and by it your readers can see that we still stick to old traditions; and our boys are never tired of listening to stories of the prowess of the old Fanwood Club, which a decade since was the crack club of the Institution.

Julius F. Lang, one of our boys, lately came to grief in this way: He saw an old cart horse feeding on the institution grounds, and, wishing to improve his skill in the equestrian art, he caught him and mounted his back. But alas! "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak," and in trying to draw a little lightning from the old creature's bones, he was thrown off and severely injured his wrist. He has been confined to the hospital for the last few days.

The Stereopticon has been brought out from its summer corner, to again assist in whiling away the long growing evenings. Yesterday, (Friday the 19th,) we had the first exhibition.

Seated comfortably in our chapel, our superb instrument brought before our eyes the glories and wonders of old Venice, "Queen of the Adriatic." Ah! it was a rare treat to view all her fine sights in such a cozy way. There were the "Grand Canal," the "Rialto," the "Bridge of Sighs," "St. Marks," the "Ducal palace," &c., just as they appeared hundreds of years ago, without any of the dirty Lazzaroni, fat priests, or ugly brigands, which every traveler has to see. After viewing Venice we were shown some of Roger's beautiful statuary, and some miscellaneous pictures by famous artists, and, lastly, we had a lot of comical views to put us in good order for pleasant dreams.

FREIGHT BUSINESS IN OLDEN TIME.

Utica Herald:—The freight business of the Central road has increased wonderfully within the past thirty years. It will be seen by the following letter that the shipment of two or three hundred barrels of flour from Rome (then on the Utica & Syracuse railroad) to New York was the subject of a letter from President Corning to Superintendent Priest, while now twenty or thirty thousand barrels would probably be handled without any officer of the road making a fuss over it. The letter reads:

ALBANY, March 19, 1847.

Zenas C. Priest:—I have some 200 to 300 barrels flour at that place, which he wishes much to get to market, and wishes us to furnish cars to transport it to market. I have said to him that we shall be pleased to meet his wishes, if in our power, but we are bound to get the flour that is on our road off. Then we will do all in our power to get the freight from Rome. Having a due regard to your engagements, I shall be pleased if you can meet the wishes of Mr. Stryker.

Yours, respectfully,
ERASTUS CORNING.

THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.

The following letter from Superintendent Young indicates the date of the commencement of the express business on the Utica & Schenectady railroad:

SCHENECTADY, Dec. 12, 1845.

Mr. Priest:

Each passenger train will draw an extra baggage or freight car to carry a load each way of light and valuable freight and small lots for the way stations. The train conductors and baggagemen will attend to the making up such loads and to making the way bills.

One or two of the new stake cars may be run down daily in the same manner as yesterday. They run very light. Their loads should be made up in time for the way-bills to accompany them. An extra clerk constantly at the desk to whom an account can be handed as each car is loaded will make a way-bill in a minute or two.

Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM C. YOUNG.

In another letter, dated about the same time, it is proposed to discontinue the running of any trains after dark on account of the great number of night accidents.

THE PRESIDENT'S FAMILY.

HOW MRS. HAYES AND HER CHILDREN DRESS.

—THAT PLAIN BLACK SILK.

The fall season has been so mild this far that the President's family remained at their summer residence much later than had been anticipated. They are now in the White House, where they will remain for the next eight months. I saw Mrs. Hayes and her children at the White House a few days ago. She wore the same black silk with blue pipings that she wore on the day of her husband's inauguration and has worn dozens of times in public. Moreover, upon her head was the very same bonnet I saw her wear last May, and I should say the same gloves and fan on and in her hands. And yet her attire was faultlessly perfect. Her dress was rich and unwrinkled; her bonnet (a fine clip) trimmed with fine lace and French flowers) entirely un-mussed, and her gloves were spotless. Evidently, Mrs. Hayes's mother taught her to "take care of her clothes." Her little girl, Fanny, wore a white cambric dress trimmed with embroidered ruffles, and Master Scott wore a light suit of ladies' cloth, with plain linen cuffs and collar. Mr. Webb Hayes was also with his mother. He wore a black suit, buttoned mustache and eye-glasses.

HOW PRAIRIE DOGS GET WATER.

It has always been a subject of curiosity and inquiry as to how and where prairie dogs, living on the prairie far away from any river or stream, obtain their water. Mr. F. Leech, formerly of Mercer county, Pennsylvania, and a frontiersman of experience, asserts that the dogs dig their own wells, each village having one with a concealed opening. It matters not how far down the water may be, the dogs will keep on digging until they reach it. He knows of one such well two hundred feet deep, and having a circular staircase leading down to the water. Every time a dog wants a drink he descends this staircase, which, considering the distance, is no mean task. In digging for water, the animals display as much pluck as in resisting the efforts of settlers to expel them from the land of their progenitors.

THE WEATHER WE ARE TO HAVE.

The *Burlington Hawkeye* thus tells about the weather we are to have this winter: The corn husks are thin, indicating a mild winter; the woods are full of masts, an unfailing sign of a long, hard winter; there are myriads of spiders, mild winter; acres of caterpillars, hard winter; the squirrels are idle and listless mild winter; the squirrels are noisy and busy, hard winter; the goose bone is white and gray, mild and hard winter; the woodchuck has gone in, mild weather; the woodchuck stays out, hard winter. It is, indeed, only a question of time when the system of weather prognostications will become one of the exact sciences.

A COUNTY TREASURER'S STORY.

Myers, the County Treasurer of Ohio, who gave out that he had been bound and tortured by four men until he gave up the combination of the county safe, has made a clean breast of it. In the treasury examination he swore that he had never loaned a cent, either of the county's money or his own, to the several parties about whom he was questioned, but upon examining them they testified quite differently. He had loaned money to many of his friends. One day, about eighteen months ago, he was in his office with the Auditor, J. F. Smith. He had occasion to go out for a moment, and when he returned a package of \$7,000 was missing from the safe, which he left open. Myers, with a simplicity which seems almost incredible, said little to Smith about the matter, and never revealed the loss to any one except his son Lawrence. Smith said he would cover it up for him, and it was planned between them to rob the treasury over nine months ago, but Myers could never screw his courage up to the sticking point until the last hour. Had they executed their plan in August, a haul of about \$70,000 would have been secured. A number of officers of the county have been arrested.

BUYING A PEW.

"What're they doin' in there?" asked Mr. Moran, the carpenter, as he passed the church with the box of tools on his shoulder. He was about half full.

"Selling pews," said the sexton.

"Just what I want," said Mr. Moran the carpenter, and he walked in.

He bid ten dollars on a rear pew and won it. He paid his money and then took off his coat and went to work. He had the side of the pew ripped out before the people noticed what he was at. Then a hand as big as a clam-rake was laid on his shoulder, and a voice wanted to know what he was doing.

"Goin' to have a lawn party," said he, "an' want to put this under the huckleberry tree."

"But you can't take it out of here," said Deacon Doolittle.

"Yes, I kin. It'll go out o' that middle door soon's I rip the back out. We kin swing it round endways and jerk it out through the portullis."

Then the back was ripped out of his coat, he was swung round endways, and he was jerked out through the portullis, and he didn't have change enough to purchase a bean sandwich after he paid for the damage to that pew.

ATREMENDOUS GIRL.

Warren county Ky., possesses a phenomenal girl child. A correspondent says of her: This child, a girl, was four years of age on the 20th day of last March. She weighs 100 pounds, measures eighteen inches across the chest, and is four feet eight and one-half inches high. There is a thick growth of hair covering her entire body, while her face is covered with whiskers, including mustache. Up to about eighteen months ago she was a healthy girl. At about that time her body became very hot, and was covered with a heavy perspiration, lasting for several days.

The odor occasioned by the perspiration was very offensive, and within fifteen minutes after being cleanly dressed her body and clothes would become saturated as if by some black colored liquid. When the perspiration ceased the hair began growing, only leaving the soles of her feet and the palms of her hands bare. Her voice attained a remarkable depth, sounding as though it came from the inside of a barrel. Her strength is astonishing. She can carry her ten year old sister under her arm with apparent ease, and the mother states that the child actually does not know her own strength. The statements made herein are strictly true, and, if necessary, the testimony of the child's parents and many people living in the neighborhood can be produced for corroboration.—*Mercer (Pa.) Dispatch.*

FARM AND GARDEN.

ORCHARD AND NURSERY.

Apples are nowhere, that we have seen, an abundant crop, and prices are likely to be such as will warrant care in picking and packing. We again insist upon a careful assorting of the fruit. In barreling, use a press of some kind—a simple lever, though slower than some of the presses or vices sold, is better than none. All fruit that is to be transported should be packed so solidly and pressed so tightly, that shaking and consequent bruising cannot take place. Keep the fruit as cool as possible; it is better to place the barrels under a shed, and not take them to the cellar before quite cold weather.

Winter Pears need the same treatment as winter apples. The autumn pears have, with us, ripened much earlier than usual. Should this occur with the winter kinds, they will need watching.

Cider Making for vinegar may be carried on when most convenient, but if the product is to be used as cider, it should be done when the weather is cool and fermentation may go on slowly. Sound fruit, great cleanliness in the press and other utensils used, and gradual fermentation are essential in making good cider; the quality of the product will depend on the richness of the apple juice.

Pomace is a waste product that many find difficult to utilize. If there is a demand for apple seeds at a neighboring nursery, they may be washed from the fresh pomace; a box 8 or 10 ft. long, half as wide, and 10 inches deep, is used; this is placed where a stream of water will continuously flow in at one end and out at the other, an inch lower. The pomace is beaten and broken up with forks, and the stream carries off the fragments while the heavier seeds sink to the bottom. It is only rarely that pomace can be used in this manner; it may be fed to pigs and cattle in small quantities at a time; if put in the manure heap it should be well broken up as it is very slow to decay.

Planting.—Whenever autumn is usually mild, and the soil in proper condition, planting at this season is advisable, but if winter sets in early after first frosts, the locality is not favorable for autumn planting. There is usually more time to give to the work, and the soil is still warm and in better condition for the roots than it ordinarily is in the spring. If trees are not to be set until spring, it is better to order them in the fall, that they may be at hand. They may be kept with as much safety as if they remained in the nursery if properly "heeled-in," a nurseryman's term for placing the trees in the ground temporarily. A trench is dug in a dry and sheltered place, and the trees are laid in it in a sloping position, filling in around the roots with fine, mellow soil, taking care to leave no spaces among them; the soil should be rounded up, and cover about half of the stems as well as the roots; there should be no straw put over, as this would shelter mice, and for this reason there should be no weeds or other litter near by.

Top dressing with manure or compost may be done this month or later, the important point being to do it some time.

Seeds of Stone Fruits, (often improperly called "pits"), the peach, cherry, and plum, must not be allowed to get too dry. Small lots are placed in boxes with alternative layers of moist sand, and kept in a cool place, even out of doors, if covered to keep out the rain, until spring. With large quantities, such as several bushels of peach stones, they are put upon the ground in alternate layers with earth, covering all with several inches of earth and leaving it exposed to the weather until spring.

Budded Stocks that were worked late should be looked to, and the ties cut if the buds are all right.

FRUIT GARDEN.

Blackberries and Raspberries should be securely tied to their stakes or trellises that they will not be broken down by the snow. If tender raspberries are to be laid down, it should not be done until just before the ground freezes.

Currants and Gooseberries.—Prune as soon as the leaves fall, thinning the bushes where too thick, and shortening the new growth a-half or a third its length. Make the cuttings of the prunings of this season's growth, about six inches long, and set at once; cover the cutting bed with straw or leaves when cold weather sets in.

Strawberries.—In most northern localities it is too late for the plants to get well established, and it will be better to wait until early spring.

Grapes.—No questions concerning small fruits are more frequently asked

than those about keeping grapes. Some varieties, such as the Concord, will not keep any length of time, no matter how much pains is taken, while the Catawba, Diana, Iona, Isabella, and others, keep for several months. If a grape is not of a keeping variety it is of no use to attempt it. At the vineyards fruit houses are built, usually with double walls, after the manner of refrigerators, to keep a uniform temperature; these are well ventilated, and may be made dark. The grapes, thoroughly ripe, are picked with great care, and laid upon trays or drawers, which are arranged on tracks in the fruit room. When sent to market towards the holidays, the bunches have all imperfect berries removed and are packed in boxes. Some expose the fruit in the trays for a week or so, or until the skin becomes toughened and it is then packed and kept in the boxes (3 on 5 lbs.) until sent to market. In either case the fruit is kept at a low and uniform temperature.

Grape Vines should always be pruned in the fall, as bad weather, or press of other work may interfere in early spring. As each vine will require to be pruned according to its condition, no general rules can be given. The canes that grew the past season, will not bear fruit again. The buds upon these canes will next spring form shoots upon which the fruit will be borne. The pruner should be able to see what the vine will be, to decide where he wishes fruit bearing shoots, and must leave buds to produce them, cutting away all the other buds, or the canes which bear them. As this will remove a large share of the wood that the vine has made during the past season, the novice is timid, and fears that he is doing wrong, but in most cases the danger is in leaving, rather than removing, too much.—*Agriculturist for October.*

"GO FOR HIM."

He's a poor hardworking man trying to pay his honest debts and support his family by honest toil, but "go for him," because he cannot pay a few dollars he owes. He is poor and entitled to no consideration. Keep him down!

Help him! He's a rich man who robbed a bank or made an assignment, lives in a fine mansion and walks leisurely, enjoying life, while his wife and children are deprived of none of the luxuries of wealth or the enjoyments of society. He's smart, an enterprising business man, and it's a pity he's robbed his creditors. Don't say anything to hurt his tender feelings, nor expect him to soil his tender fingers with toil. He compounded with his creditors at twenty-five per cent, and now lives in luxuriant ease, an honored, respected citizen and a prominent man.

"Go for him!" He's poor—he is trying to pay cent for cent with interest, and his hands are hardened by toil—his wife and children feel the pinchings of poverty and the tightness of the times—he lives in a small house and fares scantily, but it is as good as he deserves—he has no business to be poor or honest. He's a fool for not robbing a bank or stealing from those who would have trusted him in prosperous days. He ought to be poor! "Go for him!" Keep him down—pile upon him such a weight of obloquy and pecuniary embarrassment that he will never be able to rise.

A BABY BY EXPRESS.

Says the Cincinnati *Gazette*: People who are fond of the practical theory of the advent of babies which makes them angels, escaped through the gate left ajar by a compassionate saint, will be horrified to hear of the modern prosaic process of obtaining babies by express. But it is a fact. A lady in this city desiring a house flower of this sort, and having a fancy for daughters of the sunny South, sent a description of the kind of a child she wanted, to a foundling hospital in New Orleans. A day or two ago she received a reply that a child suiting her description had been found among the babies in the hospital, and that it was on its way to Cincinnati. Imagine her sensation yesterday morning when the messenger of the Adams Express rang the bell and announced a package for Mrs.—, at the same time presenting a little human fairy, a little girl of tender years, with an express label tied to one little arm. The package was duly receipted for and was gladly welcomed.

—A tramp applied to a lady in Des Moines for something to eat, and to the inquiry why he didn't go to work, said there was not any chance to work at his trade just now. The lady asked him what trade it was. "Shovelling snow," was his confident answer. He got his dinner.

Hints for the Home Circle.

MILK BISCUIT.—Take one half pound of butter, one pint of milk, half a pint of yeast, two tea spoonfuls of salt, and flour sufficient to knead it stiff.

SHORT CAKES.—Rub three quarters of a pound of fresh butter into a pound and a half of sifted flour; and make it into a dough with a little cold water. Roll it out into a thin sheet half an inch thick, and cut it into round cakes the size of a pie tin. Prick them with a fork and bake on tins, sprinkled with flour, in a moderate oven until they are brown. Then spread with berries, either fresh or canned, butter and sugar.

SOFT GINGER CAKE.—One cup of dark brown sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of molasses, one cup of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one tablespoonful of ginger, and four cups of flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

APPLE PUDDING, BAKED.—For this purpose take a deep tin, put in a layer of sliced apples, seasoned with sugar, and bits of butter, then add a layer of bread crumbs. Add a cup of water, then another layer of apples with sugar and nutmeg sprinkled over. It should be eaten with brandy sauce.

LOAF CAKE.—Four cups of dough, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of

saleratus, spices, one cup of currants, wine glass full of wine or other liquor.

CORN PUDDING.—One quart grated corn, one cup of cream or milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two eggs, salt. Bake one hour.

CORN OYSTERS.—One pint of grated corn, one egg, one cup of rich milk, one small cup of flour, teaspoonful of salt. Roll in balls and fry in butter.

PROTECTION OF VINES.—Plaster sprinkled over squashes, and cucumber vines when they first come up, will protect them from that little destroyer, the striped bug.

CORK CAKES.—Two cups of sugar, one of butter, and one of milk, four eggs, and five of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus. Bake in small patty pans, and frost each one on top with white of one egg and a cup of sugar, beaten together to a stiff froth.

To keep feathers they should be carefully preserved from damp and dirt as soon as picked and dried in paper bags, a few in each bag, in a warm kitchen. Fresh feathers must not be put in a bag with those that are partly dried.

MOSQUITOES.—To get rid of these tormentors take a few hot coals on a shovel and burn upon them some brown sugar, in your bedrooms and parlors, and you effectually banish every mosquito for the night.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Laxative Pellets.

Or Sugar-Coated, Concentrated, Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules. THE "LITTLE GIANT" CATHARTIC, or Maltin in Parvo Physic.

The novelty of modern Medical, Chemical, and Pharmaceutical Science. No use of any longer taking the large, repulsive, and nauseous pills, composed of calomel, opium, and other drugs, when we can, by a careful application of chemical science, extract all the cathartic and other medicinal properties from the most valuable roots and herbs, and concentrate them into a minute Granule, scarcely larger than a minute Granule, and which can be readily swallowed by those of the most sensitive stomachs and fastidious tastes. Each Little Giant Pellet contains a full dose of a most concentrated form, as much cathartic power as is embodied in any of the large pills found for sale in the drug store. From their wonderful cathartic power, in comparison to their size, people who have not tried them are apt to suppose that such is the case, the different active medicinal principles which they are composed of being so harmonized and modified, one by the others, as to produce a most searching and thorough, yet gentle and kindly operating, cathartic.

\$500 Reward is hereby offered by the proprietor of these Pellets, to any chemist who, by analysis, will find in them any calomel or other forms of mercury, mineral poison, or injurious ingredients.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the constitution, and, in fact, are a most valuable and reliable medicine for Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pimples, Eruptions of the Skin, Indigestion, Sour Eructations from the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bile, and all the ailments of the system. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.

They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each. They are sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents each.